

T H E  
**Life and Prophecies**

O F

That Faithful Minister of God's Word

**Mr. Donald Cargill,**

Sometime Minister in the Barony Parish of Glasgow, who suffered Martyrdom for the Lord's Cause, with four others, at the Cross of Edinburgh, the 27th July 1681, and had their Heads put upon the Ports.

Being singular for Piety, Zeal, and Faithfulness; but especially for his foretelling future Events that were to befall Scotland in general, and private families in particular.

Such as his foretelling,

The untimely and fearful Deaths of those cruel Persecutors, whom he had excommunicated at the Torwood. Likewise an account of his Indictment, Trial, Sentence, and Behaviour at the place of Execution, with his last Words upon the Scaffold before he suffered.

In this you have also a particular Account of the great Scarcity and Dearth which took place, when many died from Want and bad Provisions, and when the Meal was as high as Two Shillings and Sixpence the Peck.

To which is added,

A Part of the Life and untimely Death of Argyle, who gave his casting Vote against Mr. Cargill.

---

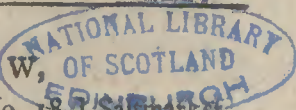
**BY PETER WALKER,**  
WHO WAS HIMSELF A SUFFERER IN THOSE DAYS.

---

GLASGOW,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson [No. 18.] Saltmarket,

1806.



# Life and Properties

## Mr. Donald C. Carr

Donated to the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California

Donated to the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California

Donated to the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California

Donated to the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California

Donated to the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California

Donated to the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California

Donated to the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California  
Library of the University of California



T H E

# Life and Prophecies

O F T H A T

Faithful Minister of God's Word,

Mr. Donald Cargill.

**M**R. DONALD CARGILL was the eldest son of a singular Godly gentleman, and heritor in the parish of Rattery, some miles from Dunkeld. After he had passed his courses of learning at Aberdeen, he was established minister in the Barony parish of Glasgow, before and at the unhappy restoration of Charles II. d. May 29th, 1660; and was publicly murdered at the cross of Edinburgh, July 27th, 1681, before many witnesses, in that never to be forgotten, unheard of twenty-eight years of reigning tyrants, and raging tyranny of prelatical protestants upon Presbyterian protestants.

It is a loss that I cannot give an account how long he was fixed minister in the foresaid parish; only it is certain, it was before and at the unhappy restoration, when Hell, Rome, and all their proselytes and favourites, had their invention upon the rack, in their wicked crafty counsels, how to stop and overturn our

great covenanted work of reformation, wherein the  
 “right hand of the Lord, that does ever valiantly,”  
 was and is remarkable to be seen, in the beginning  
 and carrying on thro’ all the periods of this Church;  
 not only from Paganism and Popery, but also abjur-  
 ing of Prelacy, both in the last articles of the Na-  
 tional Covenant; but more expressly in the second ar-  
 ticle of the Solemn League and Covenant betwixt the  
 three nations, wherein all ranks were and are solemn-  
 ly and perpetually bound, in their places and stations,  
 to extirpate that old Strumpet Mother, and eldest  
 beautiful Daughter of Antichrist, with which the  
 blinded nations have been and are sadly bewitched;  
 but vile, loathsome and hateful in the eyes of all the  
 zealous, serious godly in Scotland, ever since the Lord  
 made light to arise to see her abominations. And it  
 hath been, is, and may be confirming and comfort-  
 ing to all the Lord’s people, that our reformation,  
 in all the steps thereof, hath been of and for the  
 Lord, in that he raised up and continued such a  
 succession of earnest contenders and faithful witnes-  
 ses through so many ages, that none have exceeded  
 them since the Apostles went off the stage. Accord-  
 ingly the Popish, Prelatical, and Malignant Faction,  
 enemies of God and godliness, began their undermin-  
 ing work (in the year 1650) of our covenanted refor-  
 mation, that had flourished in a wonderful manner  
 from 1638, eleven years, in their public resolutions,  
 as they were then called, in getting all places of pow-  
 er and trust, filled with men of wicked and corrupt  
 principles and practices, to make way for the getting  
 their chief Head Charles II. upon the throne of Bri-  
 tain, which proved effectual, and got their hellish de-  
 signs accomplished; which was foreseen, foretold and  
 contended against by a handful of worthy ministers  
 and Christians, in these days called Protestors or Re-  
 monstrators. Then, in the 60th year, Cromwell, the  
 English general with his ten thousand men were call-  
 ed home, who came to Scotland in the end of July,



in the year 1650, to arraign the duke of Hamilton, and many debauchees with him, which were faithfully witnessed against, invading their kingdom in the year 1648, and hindering their king from complying with the parliament's demands. In that ten years that they invaded our land, they defiled it with blood, tolerations, and other abominations, which were faithfully witnessed against by a few of this land. Next, there were so many in state and church chosen to go to Breda, to transact with, and bring home their king, whom many of all ranks were, and continue to this day, lusting after that unhappy race. Notwithstanding he had got a dispensation from the Pope to come under our Covenants, who pretended, both he and his father had signed for many articles to Popish princes, to carry on Rome's interest; which, as I said before, a gentleman that writes upon court affairs at that time makes plain to the world. Of the commissioners sent from Scotland, famous Mr. John Livingstone was one, contrary to his inclination; which, as he says in his memoirs, he saw, and was fully persuaded, that there was nothing in all their transactions but the height of treachery and perfidy, that a little time would discover, and was unwilling to sail the seas with them. But after their king was gone a ship-board, some out of policy pressed him to go aboard and take his leave of him; and, as soon as he went aboard, they sent off the boat, and so came home, fully persuaded, the plague of God was come to Scotland; nevertheless of his dissembling, deceitful, hypocritical, feigned lipped prayers in his closet, a partition wall betwixt him and the commissioners to treat with him; praying aloud for the advancement of the covenanted reformation in Scotland, and for the perfecting the work of uniformity betwixt the three nations, according to their solemn vows in the Solemn League and Covenant.

2dly, Many also of the godly at home saw clouds gathering, and a terrible black storm coming on. A-

bout this time blest Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Ward, Cargill, and others  
 through the lands, who were of one heart and soul,  
 seeing with one eye, thinking with one mind, and  
 speaking with one breath, met at Glasgow to compare  
 notes, and set a day apart for prayer together, to be  
 more and more confirmed of their duty of giving warn-  
 ing of the sin and danger of the malignant courses  
 driven on in that day by fraud and force, especially  
 calling home their head Charles II<sup>d</sup>. Mr. M<sup>c</sup>Ward  
 was the first that prayed with more than ordinary en-  
 largement and gale upon his spirit, earnestly begging  
 of the Lord, that in mercy, love and pity, he would  
 seal, spirit, and sit a remnant to stand stedfast, what-  
 ever, and from whatsoever airth the winds might  
 blow; and that there might be a succession of faithful  
 witnesses raised up to follow the Lord fully in life and  
 death: But Charles and his interest came not in his  
 way. When ended, they challenged him for it; he  
 said, Let alone, if it be with you as it hath been  
 with me, they would all go the same road; and so it  
 was with all of them: From whence they concluded,  
 that it would be wasted time and prayers that were  
 spent about him. Mr. Cargill after that was never  
 heard to pray for him in public. His unhappy birth and  
 restoration-day, May, 29<sup>th</sup> 1660, which was enacted  
 and made an universal Thanksgiving-day, became a  
 trial to some, and a land-sin and snare to many, and  
 observed to this day, by castle-guns roaring, though  
 even upon the Sabbath, at twelve of the clock:  
 which day was Mr. Cargill's ordinary weekly sermon-  
 day. His kirk being very throng, with tears he said,  
 Do you expect more or better preaching this day than  
 other days? or, is it upon account of your king? It  
 is like that is many of your errands; for me, I desire  
 to be found in the way of my duty, being our ordi-  
 nary day, otherwise I would not have preached a word  
 upon that account. *Rejoice not, O Israel, as other peo-  
 ple rejoice; for thou art gone a whoring from thy God.*  
 And this is the first step of your going a whoring

which will make way to lead and draw on too many long and great; and whoever of the Lord's people are this day rejoicing, their joy will be *like the crackling of Thorns under a pot*; it will soon be turned to mourning; he will be the wofullest sight that ever the poor church of Scotland saw. Wo, wo, wo to him; his name shall stink while the world stands, for treachery, tyranny, and leachery. I had this account from several old Christians who were his hearers that day; especially that serious zealous Christian, Robert Goodwin, one of Durham's elders, when in prison with him.

3dly, From his youth he was much given to secret prayer, yea, whole nights; and it was observed by some, both in families, and when in secret, he always sat straight upon his knees, without resting upon any thing, with his hands lifted up, (and some took notice he died the same way with the bloody rope about his neck) especially after the bloody murder of Mr. Cameron, and these worthies with him at Airds-Moss, July, 22d 1680, until the following September, that he excommunicated these wicked men at the Torwood. He was much alone both night and day, and spake little even in company, only to some few he said, He had a tout to give with his trumpet that the Lord had put in his hand, that would sound in the ears of many through Britain, and other places in Europe. None knew what he was to do that morning, except Mr. Walter Smith, to whom he imparted the thoughts of his heart: When he began, his best friends feared that some wicked person would shoot him: his landlord, in whose house he had been that night, cast his coat and ran for it. Some serious, solid Christians, yet alive, who were witnesses to it, when he ended the sentences of excommunication, he said, That, if these unhappy men die the ordinary death of men, God never spake by him. That afternoon he preached upon that text, *For the Lord will not cast off for ever, but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion*

*according to the multitude of his mercies.* In which sermon he touched neither the tyranny nor defections in the land. This confirmed what he said in his dying words, "However it be with me at the last, though I  
 " should be straitened by God or interrupted by men;  
 " yet all is true and shall be well: I have followed  
 " holiness, I have taught truth, I have been most in  
 " the main things; not that I thought the things con-  
 " cerning our times little," &c.

*4thly*, The next Sabbath-day he preached at the Fallow-hill, in the west end of Livingston parish, upon the boarders of Clydesdale. In the Preface he said, I know I am and will be condemned by many for what I have done, in excommunicating these wicked men; but condemn me who will, I am approven of God, and am persuaded, that what I have done on earth is ratified in heaven: For, if ever I knew the mind of God, and was clear in my call to any piece of my regeneration-work, it was in that; and I shall give you two signs whereby you may know that I am in no delusion.

1. If some of these men do not find that sentence binding upon them ere they go off the stage, and be obliged to confess it from their terror, and to the affrightment of others.

2. If these men die the ordinary death of men, then God never sent me, nor spoke by me.

The first of these was clearly verified in the case of my Lord Rothes, and the second was verified also to the remembrance of many yet alive. 1. All know that Charles II. was poisoned. 2. His brother, the Duke of York, died in St. Germain's in France: I can give no account of his death. 3. The Duke of Monmouth was executed at London. 4. The Duke of Lauderdale turned a belly-god, and died upon the chamber-box. 5. The Duke of Rothes died raving, under the dreadful terrors and sense of that sentence binding upon him, making his bed shake to the affrightment of all that heard and saw him. 6,



Bloody Sir George M'Kenzie died at London with all the passages of his body running blood. 7. General Thomas Dalziel of Binns died with a glass of wine at his mouth in perfect health: but a more particular account of these afterwards.

5thly, I gave an account in the life and death of Mr. Cameron, that upon the 18th day of July 1680, they preached together at the Kiprig in Clydsedale; which was Mr. Cameron's last Sabbath, and were to meet and preach at Craigmad in Stirlingshire the first Sabbath of August, but Mr. Cameron's blood and others ran like water on the 22d of July: Mr. Cargill preached upon the 25th in the parish of Shots, upon that text, "Know you not that there is a great man and Prince fallen in our Israel." He preached upon the first day of August at Craigmad, and lectured upon the 22d chapter of Jeremiah, and ran the parallel in so many particulars betwixt Coniah and Charles II. and in the end said, if that unhappy man upon the throne of Britain shall die the ordinary death of men, and get the honour of the Burial of kings, and if he shall have any to succeed him lawfully begotten, then God never sent me, nor spoke by me. The old pious praying Mr. Reid, late minister in Lochrutton in Galloway, Mr. Shields and George Lapsly, who lived and died at the Bowhead, heard him utter these expressions: They were all at London in the time that he was poisoned, who made all search to know when, where, or how he was buried, but could never find it out, being buried clandestinely; and all know that he had none to succeed him, although many said, and some write, That if all the women he lay with in adultery and fornication had conceived and brought forth, his offspring would have been as the stars in the firmament, spending his time only with wine and women, unconcerned about either heaven or hell, and easy about all religion. Not driving on Rome's interest, as they expected, and he engaged when abroad with the Popish Princes; his

brother the Duke of York being a sworn vassal of Antichrist, and longing to be at the throne, that he might be more active in all mischief, made them all conspire to give him a dose, and send him off. The aforesaid friends at London said to me, That it was commonly reported, that when he found the poison working upon him, he sat up in his bed, having one of his many whores in bed with him, as was his ordinary, and took a snuff; and it being poisoned also, he fell a roaring, and said, "O madman that I have  
 " been, that have murdered my best subjects and ba-  
 " nished my son the Duke of Monmouth, and com-  
 " mitted myself to the hand of murderers!"

*6thly*, After that excommunication in the Tower, the full account whereof is to be found in the Hind let Loose, written by famous Mr. Shields: After this, there was a price of 6000 merks set upon his head, for any to catch him quick or dead. The violent avowed enemies were still in search for him before this, but more after, who, to gain the prize, had curst Doeg-like intelligencers every where lying-in-wait to betray him into their hands; notwithstanding, he was remarkably preserved, and many times narrowly escaped their hands, until his work was done and his hour come; and then suddenly and surprisngly was caught, as afterwards I shall make plain.

Besides the narrow escapes mentioned in the relation given of him in the Cloud of Witnesses, there were other four as follows, 1. His horse was shot beneath him at Linlithgow bridge, and he very narrowly escaped their bloody hands. 2. At Loudon-hill, which is before me to give an account of. 3. At the Queensferry, June 3d 1680; when he, with Henry Hall of Haughhead, that worthy Christian Gentleman, were upon their way from Borrowstounness to the Queensferry, these two sons of Belial, the curates of Borrowstounness and Carriden, walking upon the sea-side, knew Mr. Cargill, and went in haste to Mid-

dleton governor of Blackness, and informed him. He ordered his soldiers to come after him; he followed hard to the Ferry and got notice where they lighted, came in, and pretended great kindness, pressing them to take a glass of wine, until his men came up; then drew his sword, saying, they were his prisoners. Haughhead drew his sword to defend themselves. The women in the town gathered; one of them gript Haughhead to save him. One Thomas George, a waiter there, behind his back, struck him on the head with the doghead of his carabin, and broke his skull. The women carried him off, and some of them supported him to Echlen, near half a mile, to the house of Robert Phunton, my brother-in-law, who was banished with Mr. Peden. The house of Binns being near Thomas Dalziel's dwelling-place, (that bloody tyrant, who was general to the forces twenty years) and he having got notice, came in great haste and fury, threatening great ruin to that family for taking in the rebel; and carried him back to the Ferry, and kept him all night. There is an old Christian woman (yet alive) who waited upon him all night, which was a weary night, he not being able to speak to her, passing all his brains at his nostrils, and died to-morrow by the way going to Edinburgh. None can give an account how they disposed of his corpse.

Mr. Cargill in that confusion escaped being sorely wounded, and crept into some secret place in the south side of the town. A very ordinary woman found him lying bleeding, took her head-clothes and tied up the wounds in his head, and conducted him to James Phunton's in Carlowrie; he being a stranger, and knew not who were friends or foes; for which he said, he was many times obliged to pray for that woman. Some say, after that there was a change upon her to the better. He lay in that barn till night, and then was conducted to some friend's house. Mrs. Phunton gave him some warm milk;

and a chirurgeon came providentially to the house, who dressed his wounds.

General Datziel came and called for James Phuntton, and took him away to Kirklistoun: when set down, the curator there, (another of the Serpent's brood who inform'd him) came and accused him before the general, for shewing kindness to such a notorious rebel, for which he was carried to Edinburgh, and cast into prison, where he lay three months, and paid a thousand merks of fine.

Mr. Cargill the next Sabbath, preached at Cairn-hill, betwixt Loudon and Tweeddale, in his wounds and blood; for no danger nor distress could stop him in going about doing good, and distributing food to so many starving souls up and down the land, his time being short, that so he might finish his course with joy, he preached that day upon that text, *And what shall I more say, for the time would fail me to speak of Gideon and Jephthae*. At night some said to him, we think, Sir, praying and preaching go best with you when your danger and distress is greatest. He said, it had been so; and he hoped that it would be so, that the more that enemies and all others did thrust that he might fall, the more sensibly and more discernibly the Lord had helped: And then, (as his ordinary was) as it had been to himself, repeated the following words, *The Lord is my strength and song, and has become my salvation*. That cxviii Psalm was the last Psalm he sung on earth, which he sang on the scaffold.

7thly, In the beginning of November 1680, governor Middleton being frustrated of his design at the Queensferry, and affronted by a few women, delivering the prey out of his and his soldiers' hands, consulted with James Henderson in Ferry, and laid down a hell-deep plot and trap to catch him, by forging and signing by different hands, in the name of Bailie Adam in Culross, and Robert Stark in Milns of Forth, that serious zealous solid Christian, who had



his great share of the tyranny of that time, and other honest leading men in the shire of Fife, for Henderson to come to Edinburgh, and make all search for Mr. Cargill, to call him over to Fife to preach at the hill of Baith: Accordingly he found him in the West-Bow, in a chamber that the foresaid Robert Stark had taken for his children at School; two of them are yet alive in Edinburgh, worthy of credit, who will assert the truth of this. Mr. Cargill was very willing to answer the call: some present observed that Henderson was either drunk or confused, which made them jealous of treachery. Henderson proposed, that he would go before, and have a Boat ready at the Ferry against they came; and, that he might know them, desired to see Mr. Cargill's clothes. And Mr. Skeen and Mr. Boig being in the room with him, in the meantime he had Middleton's Soldiers lying in disguise for him at Mutton-hole, three miles from Edinburgh, the high way to the Ferry: there was an Ale-house upon the south-side, and a park dyke upon the north-side, and no eviting them. Mr. Skeen, Archibald Stewart, and Mrs. Moor, and Marion Harvie took the way upon foot, Mr. Cargill, and Mr. Boig being to follow upon horses. When they came to the place, the Soldiers griped them; in the confusion Mrs. Moor escaped and went quickly back, and stopt Mr. Cargill, and Mr. Boig, who fled back to Edinburgh again, the prisoners were brought also to Edinburgh, Mr. Skeen, and Archibald Stewart were executed at the cross of Edinburgh, Dec. 1. 1680. and Marion Harvie, with Isabel Allison, were executed in the Grassmarket, January 26. 1681. However, Henderson got the price of blood, and bought or built a passage-boat, which he called Katherine; but many feared to cross the water in her. Henderson after this turned miserable and contemptible in the eyes of all well thinking men, and, some affirm, he died curling, after he got that reward for treachery and the price of blood.

*Et*bly, After this remarkable escape, seeing nothing but the violent flames of treachery and tyranny against him above all others, he alone keeping up the public standard of the gospel at that time, went to England for about three months, where the Lord blest his labours in the ministry, to the conviction and edification of many poor souls. In this none-such, melancholy, Egyptian darkness, Mr. King, Mr. Kid, and Mr. Cameron, being publicly murdered; Mr. Blackadder, and Mr. Dickson, in the enemies hands, Mr. Cargill, Douglas, and Hepburn, gone of the kingdom; the rest of the thirty Ministers who preached in the fields before Bothwell-bridge, being fallen in deep silence and compliance with the enemy: in this time while men slept, the enemy sowed his tares. In the beginning of the year 1681, the devil began a new project at Borrowstounness upon a few of those whom he could not drive to left-hand defections, by injecting into them demented enthusiastical delusions, driving them upon wild unheard of right-hand extremes, with a spirit of division and unwarrantable separation from all that would not or durst not go up with them in every jot; which began in Holland a year before, which I have already given a true account of; and which remains rampant in Scotland to this day, and I sadly fear will outlive me.

John Gibb, a sailor in Borrowstounness, a great professor, (but still some serious souls jealous of him) drew about twenty-six women and three men with him, the greater part of them serious, exercised, tender, zealous, gracious souls, who stumbled upon that stumbling-block laid in their way, of ministers compliance, silence and unfaithfulness, who before the break of Bothwell-Bridge for about eleven years, had publicly preached the indispensable duty of all the Lord's people to follow the gospel, and defend the same: But a little thereafter, the enemy gave an indemnity, or third indulgence to all ministers who formerly preached in the fields, to preach in houses with

the cautionary-band witnessed against in the Banders disbanded. They so far complied with the enemy's design and desire to have their Rendezvous of Rebellion, the field conventicles (as then call'd) the devil's grand eye-sore, and great vexation to all his friends, the foes of reformation, that they would preach none without houses, even those who formerly were most zealous and forward that way, whose names might be mentioned, and who would not set their faces to doors when there were any people without. These lamentable things, together with the cruel tyranny, shedding so much innocent precious dear blood, made them split with zeal, not only to cast off all that do not agree with them in every thing, but also to utter strange anti-gospel imprecations, disdaining and reproaching all others as backsliders, stating their testimony against all crown ducs, excise and customs: And for that end would make no use of ale nor tobacco, and other foul things. These people at first were commonly called Sweet Singers, from their frequently meeting together, and singing these tearful Psalms over the mournful case of the church, Psalm 74, 79, 80, 83, 137. Thus they continued from the beginning of the year until April; then all with one consent, that they might be free from all these foresaid things, lest their houses, warm soft beds, cover'd tables; some of them their husbands and children weeping upon them to stay with them; some women taking the sucking children in their arms to desert places to be free of all snares and sins, and communion with all others, and mourn for their own sins, the land's tyranny and defections, and there to be safe from the land's utter ruin and desolations by judgements; some of them going to Pentland hills, with a resolution to sit there to see the smoke and utter ruin of the sinful bloody city of Edinburgh: But, if they had fulfilled their resolution, they would have been sadly beaten these forty-eight years, being lately gone to their graves, laying more weight and stress upon these du-

ties of prayer, fasting and mourning, than upon Christ's satisfaction, obedience and intercession, which alas, that legal formal spirit is the ruin and plague of the greater part of preachers and prayers abounding this day, and ruining all the churches. These were a part of the confession of some of these gracious women, who came under the power of such delusions voluntarily before a great multitude of people, upon the 3d day of March 1681, at the black hill of Lesmahago; and matter of mourning to this day. Immediately after they came to these desert places, they kept a day of fasting, and confessing of their sins one to another: Yea, some of them confessed sins that the world had not heard of, and so not call'd to confess them to men.

In the meantime of their lying in this sad pickle in desert places, the man of God, blest Cargill, came down from England; a happy tryst to many godly, zealous souls, who had a gale of zeal upon their spirits, and feared no danger upon the right hand, if they held off the left. Immediately he was called to preach in Darmade muirs, by some who retained their former zeal and faithfulness. That Sabbath morning, John Gibb, David Jamie, Walter Kerr, John Young, and twenty-six women, were lying in the Deer-flunk in, midst of a great flow moss betwixt Clydesdale and Lothian, about a mile distant. Mr. Cargill sent two men, whose names I could mention, to desire them to come and hear sermon, and that he might converse with them, severals of them being his acquaintance. John Gibb answered, He had left the land, and deserted the testimony; they did not want him nor no other minister; it was never better with them than since they had parted with all of them. He came and stood upon a chair, and had nothing to rest upon, with his bible betwixt his hands, as his ordinary was at all times when I heard him. I well remember, he sang the first verse of the 37 Psalm, *For evil doers fret thou not, &c.* and lectured upon the 21st Chapter of 1 Kings from the 17th verse, of what passed betwixt



Ahab and Elijah, and Ahab's outward humiliation, where he had many sententious notes: and preached upon that text, Amos iv. 12. *Therefore this will I do unto thee, O Israel! and because I will do this unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Israel!* He insisted upon the foregoing judgements that had proven ineffectual, and few had returned unto him; but this was a nameless judgement, or a non-such stroke. He went to Darngavell, in Cambusnethen parish, upon the side of the muir: He sent for them to-morrow; when they came, they had a long reasoning in the barn; the sum and substance of it is to be found in that letter he sent to the women in the Correction-house, which is published in the Cloud of Witnesses. Two things they required of him, before they could join, and own him as their minister. 1. That he would confess publicly his sin in leaving of the land. 2. That he would engage to preach to none but them, and those that joined with them. He answered, That he did not see that to be sin in leaving the land in such a time, and so short a time, in his circumstances; and he hoped that he had been useful to not a few where he had been; and to preach to none but them, was a dreadful restriction to his ministry; for his commission was far more extensive, to go and preach, and baptize all nations, and to preach the gospel to every creature; and if his trumpet would sound to the ends of the earth, he would preach Christ to all. Gibb and Jamie carried pistols upon them, and threatened all that came to seek their wives or others from them; which frightened some. There was a bed made for him and John Gibb: He lay down a little, but rose in haste, and went to the muir all night, I well remember, it was a cold easterly wet fog. Many waiting on to have his thoughts about them, he refused upon the Sabbath evening to give his thoughts until he spake with them. They found him in the morning wet and cold, and very melancholy, wanting rest all night, and great grief upon

his spirit. They said, now, Sir, you have spoke with them, and have had your thoughts about them, be free with us. He said, my thoughts are both bad and sad: This man, John Gibb, is an incarnate devil, and there are many devils in him; woe to him, his name will stink while the world stands. I bless God who preserved me, he might have cut my throat this night, but I got warning of my danger. As for David Jamie, there is a good scholar lost, and a minister spilt: I have no hope of him. I am afraid that Walter Kerr, John Young and others, will go a greater length, but I hope the Lord will reclaim many of them. And now, go all home, and pray that this snare may be broke; for this is one of the most dreadful and dangerous snares that hath been in my time; but they run so fast, they will soon discover themselves: But I greatly fear these wild tares of delusions and divisions will spring and grow, and never be rooted out in this land; which has sadly come to pass.

And this, in preaching and conference, he was most sententious and plain in discovering and giving warning of the snare, sin and danger of these wild extremes: nevertheless, the indulged, silent and unfaithful, lukewarm, complying ministers and professors made no distinction betwixt him and Gibb, but made it their work by tongue and pen, to bury him and his faithfulness in the ashes of these vile extremes; and as for any of us that travell'd forty or fifty miles far or near to hear him preach, (and no danger or enemy could stop or discourage us) they spread that we were away with the Gibbites, altho' I never saw John Gibb, nor was acquaint with any of his followers at that time; for which I bless the Lord that so mercifully and remarkably prevented it, by hearing and following of blest Cargill.

After this, in the beginning of May, the Gibbites were all taken by a troop of dragoons at the Woolhill-craigs, betwixt Lothian and Tweedale, a very desert place: The enemies carried them to Edinburgh; the

four men were put in the Canongate tolbooth, and the twenty-six women in the Correction-house, and some of them scourged; and, as their friends loved and had money, they were set free. The greater part of them came to their right mind, after they had tasted of the bitter fruits of these demented delusions, with whom I have had edifying conversation since.

The duke of York being in Edinburgh, he and all other enemies rejoiced at all these strange things, and gave large money to these four men, for which they wrote a most blasphemous paper to York, copies of which are yet in the hands of some. In a little time they were all liberate. These four men, with Isabel Bonn and another woman, whose name I have forgot, went west to the Frost Moss, betwixt Airth and Stirling, where they burnt the holy Bible, as they had exclaimed against the Psalms in metre, and contents of the Bible as human inventions: every one of them had somewhat to say, when they threw their Bibles in the fire. John Gibb said, He did that out of despite against God. The night before that horrid action of burning the Bible, Walter Kerr and John Young prayed all night in that moss, and a light shining about them. Shortly after this Walter Kerr turned mad, and was for some time bound in Torphichen, where he was born. He came to his right mind again and went to Clyde, a mile beneath Larnark, to the house of Robert and Elisabeth Bruce, two old solid, serious Christians, both my acquaintances, who got a hearty smack of the sweetness of the gospel, in that good day at the Kirk of Shots, where he served two years, and deeply mourned both night and day for what he had done: and wrote 38 steps thereof. He sometimes said, "If there were a Christian Magistrate in the land, he would go to them and confess all, and seek of them to execute justice upon him for burning the Bible. He told his master and mistress, that he would be taken and banished, which accordingly came to pass in the year

1685. And some of our banished worthies (who were with him in America, and came home) said to me, that he exceeded all our banished, that they knew, in prevailing with some to set up the worship of God in their families, and young ones to pray, and join in societies for prayer and conference: What became of him since, I know not.

John Young went into Lothian after that, and kept a school, lived retired and spoke little. Gibb and David Jamie, Isabel Bonn, and that other woman, were again taken and put in the Canongate tolbooth, where they took such fits of seven days fasting, that their voices were changed in their groanings and gollerings with pain of hunger, and then such excessive eating, that these with them admired how their bellies could contain so much. Gibb was so possessed with a raging roving devil, that they could not get public worship performed three times a day, as their ordinary was in each room: Two of these prisoners took their tour about, lying upon him with a napkin in his mouth. George Jackson, who thereafter suffered at the Gallow-lee in December 9th 1684, -at first when he came there prisoner, said, Is that his ordinary? They said, it was. He said, I shall stay his roaring, and threatened Gibb, he fell a trembling and put his own napkin in his mouth, but could not refrain his roaring: George desired them to halt in time of worship, and with feet and hands dash'd his head against the wall, and beat him so, that the rest were afraid that he had kill'd him outright. Gibb was a big strong man, for which he was called meikle John Gibb. After this, whenever they began, he ran in behind the door, with his napkin in his mouth, and there sat howling like a dog. I had these accounts from the prisoners who were with him when I was carried into that iron-house. Immediately after, John Gibb, David Jamie, and the foresaid two were sent to America, where Gibb was much admired by the heathen for his familiar converse with the devil bodily,



and offering sacrifices to him; he died there about the year 1720. David Jamie wrote a letter to his father in Linlithgow, where he was born, desiring him not to trouble himself about heaven or hell, for all these things were fancies. John Smith that serious solid Christian who was fourteen years banish'd there (who died of late in the parish of Carstairs) carried that letter, and delivered it to his father: When the good old man read it he fainted: But David Jamie, being a piece of a scholar, got himself into public clerking, and a few years ago, was clerk in the town of New-York in New-England: I saw his name at Doctor Nicol's commission here, for a public collection for building of a church there.

Thus I have given a full and true account of the rise, steps, and monstrous lengths, and frightful end of these Gibbites; which may be a warning, to the present and following ages, to tremble and be afraid of coming under the power of such demented, delirious delusions: And whereby all may see, that the man of God, blest Cargill, was not mistaken in all that he did foresee and foretel about them.

9thly, After that conference with the Gibbites at Darngavell, the next Sabbath day, he preached two miles beneath Lanark, in the Under-bank-wood upon Clyde-side, upon that text, *I have set watchmen upon thy walls*; where he lamented that it had been the great sin of the church of Scotland, in setting up of watchmen, that had little or no experience of regeneration, and had been overly of their trials, contenting themselves with a clatter of gifts and learning: And lamented also, that so many watchmen were fled off the walls, and deserted their posts, frightened as if they were blasted or thunder-slain. He stayed for some time in that wood.

In the beginning of May 1681, Gavin Wotherspoon and John Stewart, both my acquaintances, two serious zealous Christians, and great sufferers, came unto him: The brats being sleep and the woods close,

he inquired if there was any appearance of rain, they said they saw none. He said, These braes look very burnt-like, being a cold east drought. Gavin said, we fear, if the Lord send not rain, there will be a scarcity of bread. He said, I have been thinking upon that since I came into this wood; but if I be not under a delusion (for this was his ordinary way of speaking when he gave his thought of what was to come) you need not fear that, as long as this persecution lasts: For the Lord hath a greater respect to his own suffering people, than to suffer such a rough wind to blow in such an east wind; for, if that were, the heavy end of that stroke would come upon his own people. For me, I am to die shortly by the hand of this bloody enemy; but you that outlive this persecution, as I am of the mind you will both do (which they did both, and saw the sad accomplishment) you will see cleanness of teeth, and many a black pale face, which shall put many a thousand to their graves in Scotland, with unheard of natures of fluxes, and fevers, and otherwise; and there shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people. Mr. Peden did foresee and foretel the same things, but in his own peculiar way of expressing himself, saying, *As long as the lads are upon the hills, and in glens and caves, you will have Bannock o'er night; but, if once they were beneath the bield of this brae, you will have clean teeth, and many a black and pale face in Scotland.* The sad accomplishment of these sayings will lamentably appear in these following instances.

In the year 1694 in the month of August, that crop got such a stroke in one night by east mist or fog standing like mountains, (and where it remained longest and thickest, the badder were the effects,) which all our old men, that had seen frost, blasting and mildewing, had never seen the like, that it got little good of the ground.

In November that winter, many were smitten with many sore fluxes, and strange fevers, (which carried

many off the stage) of such a nature and manner, that our old physicians had never seen the like, and could make no help; for all things that used to be proper remedies, proved destructive: And this was not to be imputed to bad unwholesome victual. for severals, who had plenty of old victuals, did send to Glasgow for Irish meal, and yet were smitten with fluxes and fevers in a more violent and infectious nature and manner than the poorest in the land, whose names and places where they dwelt I could instance.

These unheard of manifold judgements continued seven years not always alike, but the seasons, summer and winter, so cold and barren, and the wonted heat of the sun so much withholden, that it was discernible upon the cattle, flying fowls, and insects decaying, that seldom a fly or gleg was to be seen: Our harvest not in the ordinary months; many shearing in November and December, yea some in January and February; the names of the places I can instruct: Many contracting their deaths, and losing use of their feet and hands; shearing and working amongst it in frost and snow: And after all some of it standing still, and rotting on the ground, and much of it for little use either to man or beast, and which had no taste or colour of meal.

Meal became so scarce that it was at two shillings a peck, and many could not get it. It was not then with many, "Where will we get silver?" But, "Where will we get meal for silver?" I have seen when meal was all sold in markets, women clapping their hands, and tearing the clothes off their heads, crying, "How shall we go home and see our children die in hunger? they have got no meat these two days, and we have nothing to give them."

Through the long continuance of these manifold judgements, deaths, and burials were so many and common, that the living were wearied in the burying of the dead, I have seen corpses drawn in sleds, many neither got coffin nor winding sheet. I was one of

four who carried the corpse of a young woman a mile of way; and when we came to the grave, an honest poor man came and said, You must go and help me to bury my son, he has lien dead this two days; otherwise I will be obliged to bury him in my own yard. We went, and there were eight of us had two miles to carry the corpse of that young man, many neighbours looking on us, but none to help us. I was credibly informed, that in the north, two sisters on a Monday's morning were found carrying the corpse of their brother on a barrow with bearing ropes, resting themselves many times and none offering to help them.

I have seen some walking about sun-setting, and to-morrow about six o'Clock in the summer morning found dead in their houses without making any stir at their death, their head lying upon their hand, with as great smell as if they had been four days dead, the mice or rats, having eaten a great part off their hands and arms.

Many had cleanness of teeth in our cities, and want of bread in our borders: and to some the staff of bread was so utterly broken (which makes complete famine) that they did eat, and were neither satisfied nor nourished: And some of them said to me, that they could mind nothing but meat, and were nothing bettered by it; and that they were utterly unconcerned about their souls, whether they went to heaven or hell.

The nearer and forer these plagues seized, the sadder were there effects, that took away all natural and relative affections, so that husbands had no sympathy with their wives, nor wives with their husbands, parents with their children, nor children with their parents. These and other things have made me to doubt if ever any of Adam's race were in a more deplorable condition, their bodies and spirits more low, than many were in these years.

The crowning plague of all these great and manifold



plagues, was, many were cast down, but few humbled; great murmuring but little mourning, many groaning under the effects of wrath, but few had sight or sense of the causes of wrath in turning to the Lord: And as soon as these judgements were removed, many were lift up, but few thankful; even those who were as low as any, that outlived these scarce times, did as lightly esteem bread, as if they had never known the worth of it nor the want of it. The great part turned more and more gospel-proof, and judgement-proof; and the success of the gospel took a stand at that time in many places of the land.

King William's kindness is not to be forgotten, who not only relieved us from tyranny, but had such a sympathy for Scotland, when in distress of famine, that he offered all who would transport victual to Scotland, that they might do it custom-free, and have twenty-pence off each boll.

I cannot pass this occasion of giving remarks upon some observable providences that followed these strange judgements upon persons who dwelt upon low-lying fertile places, who laid themselves out to raise markets when at such a height, and had little sympathy with the poor, or those who lived in cold muirish places, who thought those who lived in those fertile places, had a little heaven: But soon thereafter their little heavens were turned into little hells by unexpected providences. Some wrote sixteen remarks upon that terrible fire which fell out on the 2d or 3d of February 1700, in the Parliament-clofs in Edinburgh; one was, that most of those people who dwelt there, were rich and lived sumptuously, and had little sympathy with the distressed case of the land; that their fine houses, which were eleven years in building, were in a few hours turned to a burnt ruinous heap: But more especially, there was a farmer in the parish of West Calder, (in which parish 300 of 900 examinable persons died,) who at that time was reckoned worth 6000 merks of money and goods that had very little

to spare to the poor; the victual lay spoiling in his house and yard waiting for a greater price; and two honest servant-lasses whose names were Nisbet, being cast out of service, (for every one could not have it; many said, they got too much wages that got meat for work) these two lasses would not steal, and they were ashamed to beg; they crept in unto an empty house, and sat there wanting meat till their sight was almost gone; and then they went about a mile of way to that farmer's yard, and cut four stocks of kail to save their lives: He found them, and drave them before him to the Laird of Bawd, who was a justice of peace, that he might get them punished. The Laird enquired what moved them to go by so many yards, and go to his? They said these in their way were in straits themselves, and he could best spare them. The Laird said, Poor conscionable things, go your way, I have nothing to say to you. One of them got service, and the other died in want; it was her burial I mentioned before, who was buried by us four. But, lo! in a very few years, he and his were begging from door to door, whom I have served at my door, and to whom I said, "Who should have pity and sympathy with you, who kept your victual spoiling, waiting for a greater price, and would spare nothing of your fulness to the poor, and was so cruel to the two starving lasses, that you took prisoners for four stocks of kail to save their lives, ye may read your sin in your judgement, if ye be not blind in the eyes of your soul, as ye are of one in your body, and may be a warning to all that come after you." Many yet alive in that country-side, can witness the truth of all these strange things.

By these foregoing relations all may see, that these two servants of Christ, Mr. Cargill and Mr. Peden, were clear sighted in what they did foresee and tell, which sadly and exactly came to pass about 13 years after blest Cargill's bloody death: And in seeing and foretelling such strange things they were not there a-

lone in these days. The godly, and zealous, and faithful unto the death, Mr. John Blackadder, was at the Cowhill, in the parish of Livingstone, in the year 1675 in the month of August: He went into the fields in the evening, being a retired place; when he came in he was very melancholy: Some friends enquired, what made him so sad? He said, he was afraid of a very dangerous infectious mist to go through the land that night, that might have sad effects, of many deaths and great dearth to follow; and desired the family to close door and window, and keep them as long close as they might, and take notice where the mist stood thickest and longest, for there they would see the effects saddest; which they did: And it remained longest upon that town called the Craigs, being within their sight, and only a few families; and within a four months thereafter, 30 corpses went out of that place, and bad crops followed for three years, the meal was at half a crown the peck: But, lo, in the year 1678 there was such a crop, that the Lothian barley was sold at four pound the boll, and the pease at forty pence; and for that we got tenthousand Highlanders, five hundred English Dragoons, the whole Militia of the kingdom, and all the standing forces cast in upon the West of Scotland at Bothwell-bridge: And, as they said, they came to destroy, and destroy they would; and yet there was abundance for them all, and the inhabitants also.

After Mr. Cargill left the Under-bank-wood, he preached at Loudon-hill upon a week day, the 5th of May. He designed only to preach once, and baptize some children: His text was. *No man that hath followed me in the regeneration, shall be a loser, but great gainers.* In his conference lately with the Gibbites, finding so much of Peter's religion among them, that they had *left all and followed him*, made him to insist in shewing that it was not every pretended way of following Christ he would either regard or reward; holding forth the great danger and ruin to place so much,

if not all, of religion in these external parts of christianity, as prayers, fastings, and mournings, and contendings, for the testimony: For sufferings of the same, though they were duties, in themselves, yet whoever rested upon them would have a cauld coal to blow at in the end: Nothing is ours but sin, nor due to us, but the wages of it, *Death*. In the application of that sermon, he gave warning of the snares and sins of the Gibbites and their actings, and how dangerous it was to cast off all ministers: And exhorted us to pray for faithful ministers to ourselves, and never content ourselves without them; for we would not continue long sound in the faith, and straight in the way, if we wanted faithful guides. And, for all the respect that these divided parties of dissenters, or rather schismatics and seperatists, pretend to, Mr. Cargill, Cameron, Shields, and Renwick, and every one of them to be their successors, and maintaining the testimony which they sealed with their blood: how little do they notice the sententious writings and sayings of these worthies? And I am persuaded, if they were upon the stage this day, that none would speak, preach, and write more against all the divided parties of them, and their antiscriptural, wild, unprecedented principles and practices: And these that cast off all ministers this day in Scotland; if they had been living through all the periods of this church, would never have embraced any as their ministers, nor none in other churches this day through the world. It was one of the sententious sayings of the reverend Mr. James Kirkcoun, in his pulpit in Edinburgh, insisting upon Scotland's singular privileges above all other churches for a long time, "That there had been ministers in Scotland that had the gift of working miracles, and prophesying, which he could instruct; and that he had heard French, Dutch, English, Irish, and other ministers preach; and yet there have been and are ministers in Scotland that preach more from the heart, and to the heart, than any that ever he had heard."



And I have sometimes heard the worthy Mr. Shields say, when he spoke of his travels through the world, "That the ill of Scotland he found every where, but "the good of Scotland he found no where."

When the sermon was ended and children baptized, there came up more children. Friends prest him to preach in the afternoon, contrary to his inclination; which he did, upon that text, *Weep not for me*, when praying, there came a herd lad, crying, 'The enemies are coming upon you.' They had out no sentinels that day, which was not their ordinary; they were so surpris'd, that some that had been at Pentland, Bothwell, and Airdsmoss, and in other great dangers were so seized with fear, some of the women threw their children from them, and Mr. Cargill in the confusion was running straight upon the enemy. Gavin Wotherpoon and other friends griped him, and hall'd him into the moss to which the people fled; also the dragoons fired hard upon them, but there were none either killed or taken that day. The ball went thro' Patrick Foreman's hair but his head was safe, his hour not being yet come, and that neither the time nor place he was to die.

About this time some spoke to him, that he preached and prayed short; who said, "O Sir, 'tis long betwixt meals, and we are in a starving condition: And it is good, sweet, and wholesome which ye deliver; but why do you straiten us so much for shortness? He said, ever since I bowed a knee in good earnest to pray, I never durst pray and preach with my gifts; and where my heart is not affected, and comes not up with my mouth, I always thought it time for me to quit it: What comes not from my heart, I have little hope that it will go to the heart of others." Then repeated these sentences of the li Psalm, *Then will I teach transgressors thy way, and sinners shall be converted unto thee*. When was this then? Just when he had the experience of the foresaid things. If all this were studied and practis'd, there would be fewer

preachers, and shorter preachings, fewer and shorter prayers among professors; they would not sleep and wake people, gasping and gollering, and few understanding what they are saying, as if they were to be heard for much speaking, or as if God could not or would not hear them without they cry loud, and loving to hear themselves speak, and others to admire and adore them: But these who are long and loud in public for ordinary, will be seldom and short in secret; and when they are, they will extend their voice that others may hear them; which is expressly forbidden: When we enter into our closets, we may hear ourselves, but no other. If that loud way of praying in secret had been practised by our sufferers in throng prisons, especially in Dunnotar castle, there would have been a frightful confused noise amongst them, to confuse one another, and to expose them to the mockage of the world as madmen. I am sure it was the only straitening thing to sufferers, especially when under sentence of death, and upon their dying days, when they could not get out their breath.

When he went from Loudon-hill, he passed thro' the shire of Air, Carrick, and into Galloway, preaching, baptizing, and marrying, but staid a short time there. When he left Galloway, he said, Farewel, Galloway, for I will never come back to thee again: Thou art now Galloway, but thou wilt become a Wallaway, and I fear other shires in the south and west of Scotland will be little better. Mr. Peden had the same expressions.

He came to Clydesdale, where he took most delight, and had greatest liberty in preaching and praying, and several other ministers at that time had the same. He designed to have preached at Tinto-hill, but the lady of St. John's-Kirk got notice, and wrote to some public men that he was to preach at Home's common, in the back of Coulter-heights: He was that night in John Liddle's in Helzmire, near Tinto-hill: he went early in the Sabbath morning to it, thinking to spend

the morning alone; but when he saw the people passing on, he called to some of them, and enquired where they were going, they told him. He said, that's the lady's policy to get us at some distance from her house; but she will be discovered.

He lectured that day upon the 6th of Isaiah, upon which he had many sententious sayings, I remember, from that word, *Whom shall I send? And who will go for us!* He said, To speak with holy reverence, we see that the Trinity of Heaven may be at a stand, where to get a fit messenger to carry the message; the prophet said, *Here am I, send me:* 'Tis like if he had known what he was to do, he would not have been so forward: For, if an honest hearted minister might refuse any errand that God sent him, it would be to denounce judgements upon a people, especially spiritual: But the hand of God was here: And, when he got his commission to preach to that people, and they grew more and more deaf and blind, he cried out, *How long!* And the answer was returned, *Until the city be without inhabitants, and the land utterly desolate.* After he insisted a little in explaining these words, he said, groaning deeply, If he knew any thing of the mind of God, this is the commission that we are getting, and the commission that ministers will get, to preach the generation more and more deaf and blind. And preach who will, and pray who will, this deafness and this blindness shall remain until many habitable places of Scotland, be as waste and desolate as these mountains, (looking to them with a very weary countenance.) But remember I am setting no time to this, we know not what spirits we are of; *a thousand years appear in his sight as one day*, and a delayed thing was neither forgot nor forgiven; and the longer delayed, the sorer when it comes. It will be the midnight cry, *The foolish found asleep*, and the wise slumbering, and will come upon you as a thunder-clap. He went on to the following verse, *Yet in it will be a tenth, who shall be as the Oak, which hath*

*the substance in the root.* And from that he asserted, that, as the Lord had preserved a remnant through all the periods of the church: so he would preserve a remnant that would ride out all these winter-storms.

He preached upon that word in the forenoon, *Be not high minded, but fear.* His first note was, That these who know themselves best, would fear themselves most: And that, as it was hard to determine what a length a hypocrite may go in the profession of religion, it was as hard to determine what a length a child of God may go in defection, having grace, but wanting the exercise thereof: And, that a Christian might go through nineteen trials, and carry honestly in them and fall in the twentieth. *While in the body, be not high-minded, but fear.* I am not speaking this of these wretched creatures. Woe to them, some of them are nothing but devils, and many of them are misled. For the Lord's sake, look not to these, I mean John Gibb and his company.

The next Sabbath day he preached at the Bendry bridge, betwixt Clydesdale and Lothian. He lectured in Zechariah, on Joshua standing before the Angel; and preached in the forenoon upon that word, *Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, and ride prosperously.* His first note was, That no sooner Christ became all and all to a soul, but the next wish of that soul is, O that he were thus to all the world! And let never none think that they are in a right exercise of true religion, that want zeal for God's public glory: And in the afternoon upon that word, *What will ye do in the day of visitation! where will you flee for help! and where will you leave your glory?* From that he said, What would all that knew not God, and obey not the gospel do? For he was coming with flaming fire to take vengeance upon all such: And what would all wicked law-inventors, enactors, and executors do, and all iniquitous law-obeyers, and keepers do? Where would they flee for help? And where would they leave their ill-gotten glory?



From the Bendry-bridge he went to Fife, and baptized many children, and preached only one Sabbath at the Lomond-hills, and hasted back to Clydesdale, and came to the Bentyrig in Cambusnethen parish, where two friends, sent from the societies in Galloway to call him back there, to preach and baptize: where, after he enquired for their welfare and friends in Galloway, he said, Have your friends now in Galloway any thoughts or fears of the French, or other Foreigners coming upon you? They said, No. He rose and went out being a desert place, to a moss-hag, being the best chamber oft-times that he, Cameron, Renwick, and Shields had in those days, who displayed the public banner of the gospel, after Bothwell-bridge: It was but a short time that he staid in company and converse. These two Galloway men said to other friends, in that bounds, who were my very dear acquaintance, who told me, why does the minister speir such a question at us? These friends said, Enquire at himself, for we find this is his ordinary with friends who have been any time out of his company. When he came in, they said, We have been thinking on what you said to us, and we cannot understand what you mean by it. After musing a little, for that was his ordinary, especially when they enquired any thing concerning the times, he said, If I be not under a delusion, (for this was his ordinary also, when he spoke of things to come) the French, and other Foreigners, with wicked unhappy men in this land, will be your stroke; and it will come in such a nick of time, when one of these nations will not be in a capacity to help one another; for me I am to die shortly by the hands of these murderers, and will not see it, I know not how the Lord's people will endure it, that have it to meet with; but the foresight and the forethought of it makes me to tremble. And then, as his ordinary was, as it had been to himself, said, Short but very Sharp.

There were two very young lads, who were my ve-

ry dear billies, whose converse and prayer together have been very edifying to me, and the remembrance of it this day is savoury, who lived in the Starry-shaw, was very near that Bentyrig where he was, Thomas and John Marshal, to whom he said at that same time, Lads, ye had meikle need to pray in earnest, you have a sharp storm to meet with, and many strange faces to see, and your bones shall lie in a strange land: This came to pass three years thereafter in December 1684, about the same time that I fell into the enemies hands, Meldrum, that wicked persecutor, whom the world had heard of, apprehended them and carried them to Glasgow. Walter Gibson, merchant there, got a gift of them and other twenty-eight, who starved and poisoned them with little and bad victuals, above all that ever I heard of that carried our banished to foreign lands; few of them in that ship lived any time in Carolina; Thomas died in a little time after their landing there, John lived for sometime and died there also. That which was the occasion of our banished being carried to so many different places in the world, was, in these days, there were Scots regiments in France, Flanders, and Holland; and, when their men decayed, officers came home seeking recruits; hearing of prisoners that were under banishment, got gifts of them from the wicked bloody counsellors, and carried them to these places. Then merchants, such as Gibson in Glasgow, and Malloch in Edinburgh, Pitlochie, a laird in Fife, and many others got gifts of them, (and, as the old saying is, cocks are free of other folks corn,) who transported them to Carolina, New Jersey, Jamaica, and Barbadoes, to be their slaves; but none of them made their plack a bawbee with trading in such wares, which confirms what that singular Christian James Clarkson, merchant in Linlithgow, whom the foresaid Malloch got a gift of, with other thirteen, said, when banished on ship-board in the roads at Leith, to which I was a witness, We are the baddest wares that ever

Malloch had in his packsheet: and if Malloch or any other that trade in such wares, be not great losers, I am far mistaken.

In that short time that blest Cargill had to run, he ran fast on foot, having lost several horses in his remarkable escapes. Wherever he was called, in several times, and different places of the land, when he sat down for rest, being old and weary, he took a look of the many gentlemen's buildings, and said. Your Lords, lairds, and gentlemen are making brave houses, and large parks: they may build at leisure, it will not be long many of them will possess their houses, which have been nests of wickedness and uncleanness: They have dipt their hands in the persecution and deep compliance, but few of them have had a fur of land to spare for the interest of Christ, and it will go a worse gate, and their inheritance will vomit out their names. The accomplishment of this saying cannot pass the observation of any who see with half an eye, being so universal: And their own sad experience can testify, that since that time, being now forty-nine years since his death, more estates of hundred of years standing, have changed masters, than did for a hundred years before, almost in all corners of the land. Besides these lamentable holding reasons that he gave, several other reasons and occurrences have fallen out since, to bring it to pass, such as, we always bear the name of the poor proud Scots, through the world; and, as our poverty increaseth, so our pride, vanity, prodigality, and ambition grow of airy fool stiles and titles. We were all once fairly ranked in our solemn national covenants, all noblemen, gentlemen, barons, burgesses, ministers, and commons of all ranks: But since these covenants were broken, burnt, and cast by, as almapacks out of date, we are all gone out of rank and file; the honour due to the superior is given to the inferior, our goodman, and goodwife is turned to Sir and Mistress, and our Sir and Mistress to your honour and Madam: Since

the rebellion 1715, and since the stock-jobbing, a foolish haste to be rich hath made many poor; and many other ways and things, living above their stations and incomes, spending their money on gaming, wine and women, have brought it to pass. There are some sentences in the end of our national covenant, that may strike terror to the hearts of all ranks; such as, *We call the living God, the searcher of our hearts to witness, who knoweth this to be our sincere desire and unfeigned resolution, as we shall answer to Jesus Christ at the great day, and under the pains of God's everlasting wrath, and of infamy and loss of all honour and respect in this world, &c.*

The next Sabbath after he went from the Bentyrig, he preached at Auchingilloch, in the south side of Clydesdale, and then returned to Clyde. The week before he was taken, he was in the Lee-wood, where he married Robert Marshall, of Starry-shaw, brother to the foresaid Thomas and John Marshall. After they were gone from him, Marion Couper, spouse to John Weir, who dwelt in the Mains of Lee, two solid Christians and sufferers in that time, brought his dinner to him in the wood: In the time thereof he said, What induced Robert to marry this woman: this woman's ill will overcome his good, he will not keep the way long, his thriving days are done: which sadly came to pass in every jot. A little time thereafter he was taken and put in prison, fell in foul compliance with the enemies, went home and heard the curates, and other steps of defection, and became lightly esteemed. This was the last marriage he performed, in which both he, Peden, Cameron, and Renwick, took as little delight as in any piece of their ministerial work, although they would neither dissuade or refuse, having such a deep concern upon their spirits, and looking upon it as an evidence of unconcernedness with the many grievous things in that day, and of such a tendency to increase their afflictions: Some of them shortly thereafter were tak-



en, hanged, shot, and banished; their wives and children put from their houses, having no certain dwelling-place; all which I can instruct; some of all these being my acquaintance.

When Marion was pressing him to eat, he said, Let alone, I cannot be prels'd; for I took not that meal of meat these thirty years but what I could have taken as much when I roe as when I sat down.

I had the happiness to hear blest Mr. Cargill preach his last public sermon, (as I had several times before, for which while I live I desire to bless the Lord) in Dunfyre common, betwixt Clydesdale and Lothian, where he lectured on the first Chapter of Jeremiah, and preached upon that soul-refreshing text, Isa. xxvi. two last verses, *Come, my people, enter into your chambers, &c.* Wherein he was short, marrowy, and sententious, as his ordinary was in all his public sermons and prayers, with the greatest evidences of concernedness, exceeding all that ever I heard open a mouth, or saw open a bible to preach the gospel, with the greatest indignation at the unconcernedness of hearers. He preached from experience, and went to the experience of all that had any of the Lord's gracious dealing with their souls. It came from his heart and went to the heart; as I have heard some of our common hearers say, he spake as never man spake, for his words went through them.

He insisted what kind of chambers these were of protection and safety, and exhorted us all earnestly to dwell in the cliffs of the rock, to hide ourselves in the wounds of Christ, and to wrap ourselves in the believing application of the promises, flowing therefrom; and to make our refuge under the shadow of his wings, until these sad calamities pass over, and the dove come back with the Olive-leaf in her mouth. These were the last words of his last sermon.

Sometime that night having several miles to travel, not daring to leave that desert place until it was dark, for fear of enemies: It was contrary to his inclination

to go that way, but the lady of St. John's kirk was present, who had influence upon Mr. Smith and Mr. Boig, who prevailed with him: Notwithstanding of her great profession, he was always jealous of her, and would not go to her house, and several times said, "Whatever end she might make, there would be "foul wide steps in her life." That lady not only followed the persecuted gospel, but also frequented private society meetings; particularly with these two old singular Christians, Thomas Johnston in Grangehall in Pettinain, and Francis Livcrance in Coven-toun, who were both my acquaintances. She several times said to them and others, that if ever she turned from the way of the Lord, she knew not what she would make of these three Scriptures, viz. Heb. vi. *Being once enlightened*, &c. Heb. x. *Sinning wilfully*, &c. and that in 2 Pet. second Chapter, *It had been better for them*, &c. Yet after that, when hard came to hard, in the two slaughter years of 1684 and 85, she turned so far out of the way, that she became a persecutor, and would suffer none to dwell in her land that would not hear the plagued curates, nor take the oath of abjuration. The two foresaid worthy Christians went together, to know what she made of her foresaid scriptures; but she would give them no access, by causing shut the gates upon them, it being about the middle of January 1687, Mr Cargill went along with her the length of Covingtoun-mill, to the house of Andrew Fisher, and his spouse, Elizabeth Lindsay, my acquaintance, about a mile from her house, near Tinto hill, but would go no further.

James Irvine, of Bonshaw, who formerly made a trade of fine horses, of outfang and infang betwixt the kingdoms, that being discovered, he came to the council and General Dalziel, and got a general commission, although he was no officer. All then knew that the wickedest and vilest of men were then employed, that wherever he was informed by the cursed intelligencers, that any of the Lord's suffering people

were hiding, that the forces, foot and horse, were to ride and march at his command. Accordingly that Sabbath-night, at the sun-setting, he mounted with a party of the dragoons from Kilbride, and the next morning, at the sun-rising he came to St. John's kirk, twenty miles, and searched that house narrowly; then came to James Thomson's, in the Muir-house, and searched it. Many reflected upon the foresaid lady, that she, leaving these worthies a few hours before that, in the time they were searching her own house and James Thomson's, which took some time, did not send and advertise them, being only a mile distant. Next, he came to Covington mill, and surrounded that house and chamber, two beds being in it, where I have rested sometimes since, where they were lying, and not fallen asleep; when he found them, he cried out, Oh blessed Bonshaw! And blessed day that ever he was born, that had found such a prize this morning; this he did and said, out of his great wickedness, and prospect of the rich reward that was set on the head of Mr. Cargill to any that would apprehend him either quick or dead, which was 6000 merks.

They marched hard to Lanark and put the prisoners in the tolbooth, until the soldiers got meat and drink; they got horses brought them out in haste, and set them on their bare backs. Bonshaw with his own hand, tied Mr. Cargill's feet below the horse's belly very hard; he looked down to him and said, Why do you tie me so hard? Your wickedness is great, you will not long escape the just judgement of God; and, if I be not mistaken, it will seize upon you in this place.

They hastened to Glasgow, sixteen miles, fearing the prisoners had been taken from them, which many of the Lord's zealous people would willingly have ventured their *All* to have delivered their brethren drawn unto death, *and those that are ready to be slain.* Prov. xxiv. 11. &c. But their taking being so surprising,

and their march so hasty, that they could not be convened when they came near the city, they turned him upon the horse, and led him backward; which made many to weep to see their old minister in that posture, he being for some years settled minister in the Barony kirk; and some wicked to rejoice. When they came to the tolbooth they halted until the magistrates came to receive them. John Nisbet, Bishop Paterfon of Glasgow's factor, looking over the stair, out of his great wickedness merrily said, Mr. Cargill, (three times over in sport) In effect, will you not give us one word more? This he said because Mr. Cargill in public sometimes said, In effect we will say that one word, or, I have one word more to say. Mr. Cargill looked to him, and with concernedness said, Wicked poor man, why do ye mock? Ere you die, you will desire one word, and will not get it. Shortly thereafter he was struck dumb, his tongue swelling in his mouth. Robert Goodwin and John Hodge, two Glasgow men, who were witnesses to this, and went to visit him lying in that case, told me this when in prison, in the years 1684 and 85, in the Canongate of Edinburgh, Robert Goodwin desired him to write what stopt him from speaking, and if he had a great desire to speak. He wrote! "That it was a just judgement from the Lord, and the sayings of the minister verified upon him, for his mocking of him; and if he had the whole world, he would give it for the use of his tongue again:" But that he never got.

Bonshaw hastened to Edinburgh with his prisoners. When Mr. Cargill came before the council, chancellor Rothes raged against him, being one of the seven whom he had excommunicated at the Torwood the preceding year, and gave them over to their *father the devil*, whose works they did, and to whose service they had dedicated themselves. Rothes threatened him with extraordinary torture, and a violent death. He said, my Lord Rothes, forbear to threaten me; for, die



what death I will, your eyes will not see it: And 'tis well known to some yet alive, that he died that morning that Mr. Cargill, and these worthies with him suffered in the afternoon. Shortly after this compearance of Mr. Cargill before the council, Rothes was seized with sickness and pains: And when he found the pangs of death turning sharp upon him, he cried out for some of his wife's ministers (she being a favourer of Presbyterian ministers) for his ministers were good to live with, but not to die with. He sent for old Mr. John Carstairs, who with Mr. George Johnston came to him. Mr. Carstairs dealt very faithfully and freely with him, rehearsing many wicked acts of his life: To whom he said, We all thought little of what that man did in excommunicating us; but I find that sentence binding on me now, and will bind to eternity. When Mr. Johnston was praying, several noblemen and bishops being in the next room, some of them said to the bishops, He is a Presbyterian minister that is praying; the devil and of you can pray as they do, tho' your prayers would keep a soul out of hell. Rothes roaring so loud under the horror of conscience, for his active wicked life in persecuting, made these noblemen leave him weeping. William, Duke of Hamilton said, We banish these men from us, and yet when dying, we call for them; this is melancholy work.

Mr. Cargill and these martyrs murdered with him, got their indictment with sound of trumpet: When they ended their sound, he said, That's a weary sound, *But the sound of the last trumpet will be a joyful sound to me, and all that will be found having on Christ's righteousness.*

While in prison, a gentlewoman visiting him, told him weeping, That the heaven-daring enemies were contriving and proposing an extraordinary violent death for him: Some, a barrel with many pikes to roll him in, others an iron-chair, for his body to roast and burn there; he said, Let you, nor none of

the Lord's people be troubled for these things; for all that they will get liberty to do to me, will be to knit me up, cut me down, and chop off my old head; and then fare them well, they have done with me, and I with them for ever.

When he and those with him, came to get their sentence of death, their indictments were read, wherein they had their sentences, as their common form then was, viz. "Having cast off all fear of God, "and acted so and so, and therefore deserved to be "punished so and so:" He said to the Clerk, Halt; and (pointing to apostate Sir George Mackinze then advocate) said, "The man that has caused that paper "to be drawn in that form, hath done it contrary to "the light of his own conscience; for he knows I "have been a fearer of God from my infancy; but I "say, the man that took the holy Bible in his hand, "and said, that it would never be well with the land "till that book was destroyed, with many other "wicked expressions and actions in his life; I say, "he is the man that has cast off all fear of God." The advocate stormed at this; but did not deny the truth of it, knowing that he had thus expressed himself, in some of his wicked mad fits. There is yet alive an old reverend minister in the south of Scotland, was witness to this and can assert the truth of it, who several times since had said, that he admired the composedness and confidence of Mr. Cargill. While in prison, he had written more at large, though he was short, marrowy, and sententious in preaching, praying, and writing, as may be seen in his few public letters, his last short speech, and what he spake upon the scaffold, published in the *Cloud of Witnesses*, which I wish from my heart, that all the Lord's people would narrowly and seriously peruse; they have been very useful and edifying to me and many others. His more large paper was taken from him, by the wicked cursed keepers, of that time; his short speech left behind him, he wrote that morning before he

died, before eight of the clock, that the doors were opened, and he was to suffer that day.

He and these worthies murdered with him, got their sentences of death the day before, wherein these admirable and very rare sentences are to be found, viz. That that day was the most joyful day in all his life; and that he had not been without an assurance of his interest in Christ these thirty years, nor long out of his presence; and, that he never durst undertake to preach Christ and salvation to others until he was sure of his own. Oh! if all our ministers had taken this course, there had been less defection among us; and, That it was long since he durst have ventured upon death and eternity, but death remained somewhat terrible, but now the terror of that was taken away, and by virtue of the mercies of God, and merits of Christ, he had a conscience as quiet and calm as if he never had sinned.

When he came to the scaffold and foot of the ladder, he blessed the Lord with uplifted hands, that he was thus near the crown; and when setting his foot upon the ladder to go up to embrace the bloody rope, he said, The Lord knows, I go up this ladder with less fear, confusion, or perturbation of mind, than ever I entered a pulpit to preach. He was first turned over, Mr. Smith did cleave to him in love and unity of life, so he died with his face upon his breast: Next Mr. Boig, then William Cuthill, and William Thomson: These five worthies hung all on one gibbet at the cross of Edinburgh, on that never-to-be-forgotten bloody day, the 27th of July 1681. The enemies got this great glut of blood, the day before the down-sitting of the parliament, wherein the duke of York did preside as commissioner. The hangman hash'd and hagg'd off all their heads with an axe. Mr. Cargill's, Mr. Smith's, and Mr. Boig's heads were fixed upon the Netherbow-port, William Cuthill's and William Thomson's upon the West-port.

The wicked, cursed of God, and hated of all

right-thinking men. Bonshaw, got not his reward of 6000 merks till the next year in May, the price of innocent blood, precious blood, dear blood, blood that cries both loud and long; how shall, or can the tyranny of shedding innocent blood, and defections of all ranks in those days, be forgot? Shortly thereafter he came to Lanark, where he and one of his cursed comrades fell a fighting; his comrade thrust him thro' the belly with a sword, where blood and dirt ran out. This account I had from several worthy persons, who were witnesses to both the threatenings of the man of God, when he tied him hard, and to the accomplishment thereof. Bonshaw's last words were, "God damn his soul eternally, for he *" was gone."* *Mischief shall hunt the violent man till he be ruined:* Which makes good the old Scots saying, "Such life, such end with the most part."

Whoso desires to be further informed of the life and death of blest Cargill, let them peruse the relations that are given of him by Mr. Shields in *The Hind-let-Loose*, and in the *Cloud of Witnesses*. His last testimony, and what he spake upon the scaffold, his marrowy sententious letter to several prisoners when under sentence of death, and his letter to the *Gibbites* in the correction-house, and his letter to his parish, yet in the hands of some, are to be found in the *Cloud of Witnesses*.

When that blest singular Christian, zealous and faithful minister and martyr, Mr. Cargill, was first apprehended and brought before the council, they were fierce and furious against him, especially chancellor *Roths*, but those that were in council and heard what Mr. Cargill said to him, and saw and heard what *Roths* said when he was dying, roaring under horror of conscience, and his bed shaking, put a fright upon their spirits, and drew tears from their eyes, which verified what he said at the *Fala-hill* on the Sabbath after the excommunication as before related, and made them to propose in council, "That



“ he was old, and had done all the ill that he would  
 “ do, to let him go to the Bass, and be prisoner there  
 “ during life.” It was put to the vote, and Argyle  
 said, *Let him go to the gallows; and die like a traitor;*  
 which cast the vote upon him to die, as I said before.

The parliament sat down the day following, July 28th, 1681, which framed the cursed test, with seven contradictory oaths in it, which Argyle took with explication. This did not satisfy the Duke of York and others, looking upon him with an ill eye, because of his father being active in our reformation; he was immediately clapt up prisoner in the Castle, out of which he escaped the 30th day of December following: He fled south to the border, where he met with Mr. Veitch, late minister in Dumfries, who conducted him thro’ the country to the house of Mr. Bitleston, near Newcastle. After they were set down, his acquaintance, Argyle being a stranger, disguised in coarse clothes, Mr. Bitleston said, I have received a letter just now from Scotland, that Argyle has escaped out of the castle; of which I am very glad if it be certain. Mr. Veitch said, he doubted not the certainty of it: They insisted both at expressing their joy at the news. Mrs. Bitleston being present, said, I cannot be so much taken up with that news as you are; I know that house of Argyle was a good house for our Reformation, and his father suffered for it: But, for himself he hath been a member of that wicked bloody council these 18 years, where many a wicked thing have been acted and done: But, above all, it was his vote that took away the life of our worthy dear friend, singular Mr. Cargill; and I am sure his blood may lie heavy on him now, and make him have a melancholy flight and hiding. Argyle made no reply. After they had got a drink, she conveyed them to different rooms; after some time she went to Argyle’s room, being the greatest stranger. He had laid down a fine watch and night-cap upon the table, which did not answer his clothes; he had

opened up himself which perfumed the room. She came quickly back to her husband, and said, I am persuaded this is Argyle. He said, I am of the same mind; but you are oft-times o'er plain in your discourse. She said, no, no; 'tis good speaking to him now in the day of his distress; if we were once set down to dinner, I shall use more freedom. In the time thereof they came to speak of his escape again, she took the occasion, and told all the ill things she heard about him. He said, Argyle will not free himself of many of these things; but he is not so guilty of them all as the world reports him to be. After this, Mr. Veitch told them, that it was Argyle, and that he resolved for London. He then put himself in another dress, but could not have a fine horse. Mr. Bitleston gifted him his gelding, and sent his son John to convey them, who gave me this account when he returned. Argyle gave him a little purse and thirty guineas in it: When he came to his father, he gave the purse to him: His father said, Johnnie, if I had known this, you should not have gone your foot-length with them: There's more here than my horse is worth. Mr. Veitch conveyed him to London. When Mr. Veitch parted with him, he said to him, Give my love and service to all friends where we have been, especially, to my free communing landlady Mrs. Bitleston. From that he went to Holland, and was abroad to the middle of May 1685, and then came to Inverary with some men and many notable arms. Monmouth came to England that same summer.

After Argyle landed, one morning walking at the water-side very sad, Mr. Thomas Urquhart, who suffered in the Grassmarket that same summer, came to him, and said, I am sorry to see your lordship so melancholy! He said, how can I be otherwise? I see few coming to our assistance; I am persuaded I will be call'd Infatuate Argyle; but all that does not trouble me so much as that unhappy wicked vote I gave against that good man and minister, Mr. Cargill,

and now persuaded I'll die a violent death, in the same spot where he died.

However, Argyle got together above 1500 men, and expected a great many more would have joined him, in order to oppose the King and Council in their bloody cruelties carried on in these days, but he was disappointed, and after several unsuccessful attempts without ever coming to any total action, and his officers differing among themselves, the most of his men deserted, and finding it impracticable to do any thing to purpose, he dismissed the whole, and put himself in disguise, but was soon taken by a few militia at the water of Inchinnan. He was carried to Edinburgh with a strong guard, and by order of the Council carried up the street with his hands tied behind his back, and bare headed, the hangman going before him, and lodged in the castle: And in order to make quick work, the sentence that was passed against him 1681, three years before, for his explication of the test, was put in execution without bringing him to any further trial. While in the castle he had these remarkable expressions in conversation with a dear friend. "My gross compliances are now sad and grievous to me: for these the Lord would not honour me to be instrumental in his work, but I desire to die in the faith of a deliverance to his church and people; and tho' I will not take upon me to be a prophet, yet having strong impressions thereof upon my spirit, I doubt not but her deliverance will come very suddenly, and I hope it shall be well. It is true, my family is low, and I have nothing to leave them; but if they seek God they will be wonderfully seen to and provided for; and if they do not, I care not what come of them. I fear some have eyed me too much as an instrument. Lean not to the arm of flesh." The day of his execution (30th June 1685.) his Lordship dined with grave and becoming cheerfulness; and being used to sleep a little after meat, he retired to the closet, and laid himself down on

a bed, and for about a quarter of an hour slept as sweetly and pleasant as ever. Meanwhile an officer of state came in and inquired for him. His friends told him, that his Lordship as usual was taking a nap after dinner, and desired that he might not be disturbed. When he saw the Earl in that posture, he was so impressed, that he hastened from the castle to a relation's in the Castlehill, and throwing himself on a bed, discovered great distress of mind; and, when asked the cause of all his trouble, said, I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleep as pleasantly as ever a man did, and he is now within a hour of eternity; but as for me, &c.

His Lordship, when he came to the Scaffold, delivered a very judicious and pious discourse to the spectators; after which, having taken leave of his friends, he at last kneeled down, and, embracing the maiden, said, "This is the sweetest maiden I ever kissed, it being the mean to finish my sin and misery, and my inlet to glory, for which I long." Then he prayed a little within himself, thrice uttering these words, "Lord Jesus, receive me into thy glory;" and lifting up his hand, which was the signal, the executioner did his work.

Thus died the noble Earl of Argyle, a martyr not only to the protestant religion, but also bearing his last testimony against prelacy as well as popery. His too great compliances with the managers previous to the affairs of the test, lay heavy upon him to the last, but nothing grieved him so much as the unhappy vote he gave against Mr. Cargill.

F I N I S.

---

G L A S G O W.

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, [No. 18.] Saltmarket,  
1806.